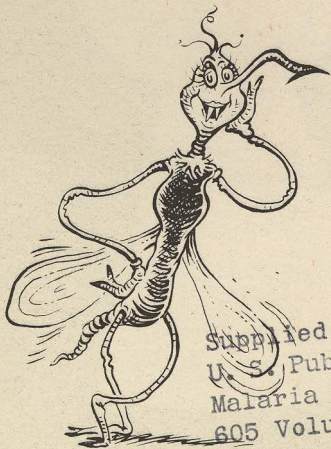


This is *Ann*



Supplied by:
U. S. Public Health Service
Malaria Control in War Area
605 Volunteer Building
Atlanta, Georgia

she's dying to meet you.

Ann



really gets around

Her full name is

Anopheles Mosquito

and her trade is dishing

out *Malaria*

She's at home in Africa,

the Caribbean, India,

the South and Southwest

Pacific and other Hot Spots.

She's the only one in the
world who can give you
Malaria, so if you can
beat her, you're safe—
But, don't kid yourself that
it's easy. She works hard
and

Ann

—knows her stuff.

This is how she does it.

Ann

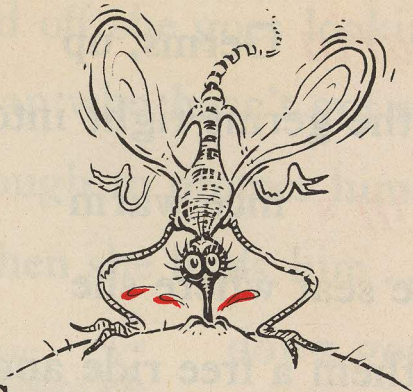
moves around at night,
anytime from dusk to
sunrise (*a real party gal*),
and she's got a thirst.
No whiskey, gin, beer,
or rum coke for *Ann*

... she drinks

Blood



*And she stands on
her head to get it.*



*She jabs that beak of
hers in like a drill and
sucks up the juice.*

When she picks on a
victim who's full of
Malaria Germs, up
come the germs right into
Ann's nice warm
rumble seat where she
gives them a free ride and
they get together and
make little germs
..... plenty.

By and by *Ann* wants
Just another little drink
and off she goes looking for
a sap who hasn't got sense
enough to protect himself.
When she finds him ...



down goes
her schnozzle
for more
BLOOD

and all those new little germs
climb down the drain pipe
and into the poor guy who
doesn't know it then, but
he is going to feel awful in
about eight to fourteen
days . . . because he is
going to have



Ma/AriA

what to do about

Ann

Never give her a break.
She can make you feel like
a combination of a forest fire,
a January blizzard, and an old

dish mop. She will leave
you with about as much
pep as a sack of wet sand
and now and then she
can knock you flat
for keeps . . .



The Army has anti-
MALARIA combat units
that carry on a steady battle
by draining and filling
ditches and pools where
Anopheles mosquitos breed.
They also spread poison in
the waters they can't drain.
They screen huts and spray

areas to kill them off, but
in many places we have to
go in this war they can't
do any more than help.

the real job is up to

YOU★.

You will be given
sleeping nets . . .

USE THEM

Nighttime while you are
pounding the pillow is when

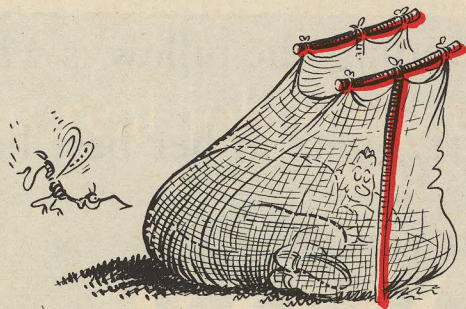
Ann gets in her best licks

and you get

Ma/A r i A

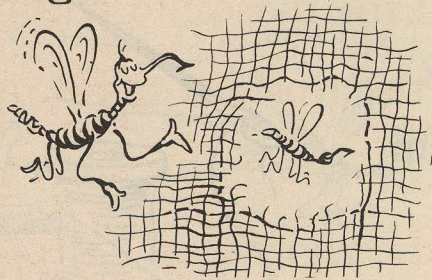
and *Remember This . . .*

All the mosquito netting
in the world won't do you
any good if you don't use
it the right way . . .



Keep away from the sides

and don't forget that a hole
this big

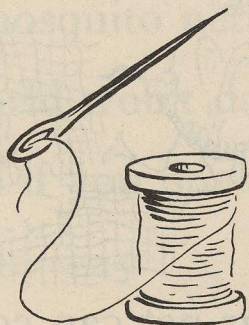


in your net can cook you.

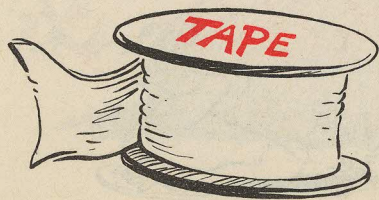


KEEP 'EM PATCHED

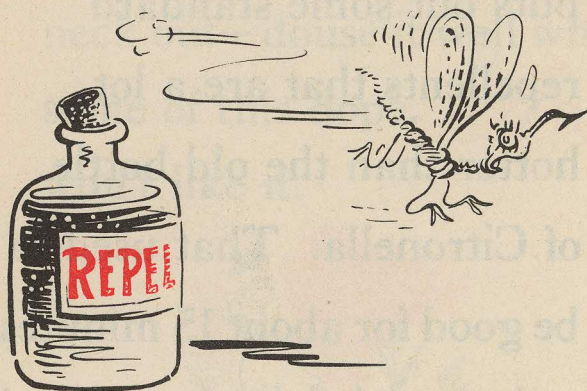
sew
them
up



or use adhesive tape.



REPELLENTS



A repellent is just a 75 cent
name for stuff to put on you
that will keep *An* away.

The Quartermaster Corps puts out some standard repellents that are a lot hotter than the old bottle of Citronella. That used to be good for about 15 minutes a dose and then they closed in again. These new ones will keep them off for 3 and 4 hours at a stretch.

So if you must stick your neck out—douse it well with some of this dope. *Ann* won't like it.

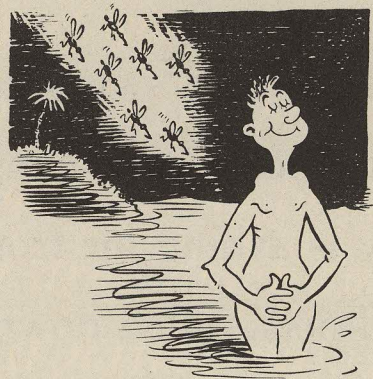


Put it on your clothes too, where they are tight and thin

enough for her to plug her way through. Your shoulders and the seat of your pants are favorite targets.

The Army Medical Corps has made some mosquito bombs to spray around.

They kill mosquitos and keep them out of spots like fox holes and shelter huts.



The best protection you have with you all the time is your clothes. If you go running around like a strip teaser, you haven't got a chance.

Bathing and swimming at night where *Ann* hangs out really is asking for trouble.

Head nets, rolled-down sleeves, leggings and gloves may seem like sissy stuff and not so comfortable—BUT, a guy out cold from **MALARIA** is just as stiff as the one who stopped a hunk of steel.

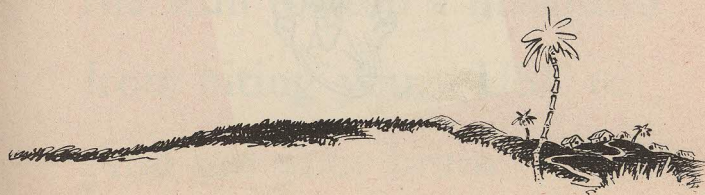
Now if you really are looking for trouble and you don't want to miss —just drop down to the nearest native village some evening.



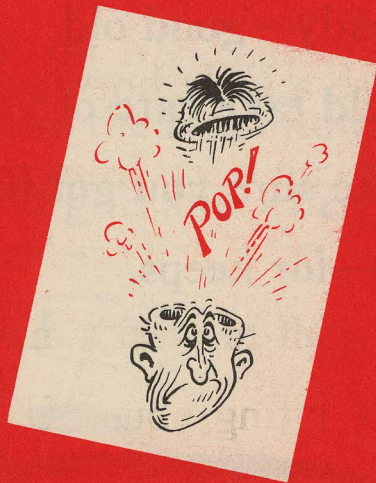
The places are lousy with
fat little *Anns* sitting around
waiting for you with their
bellies full of germs. They
stock up on **MALARIA**
bugs from the home-town
boys and gals and when



they find a nice new sucker
they give him the works.
If there wasn't enough
trouble waiting for you there
already—good old *Ann*
would take care of you and
make sure you got fixed up
fine—for keeps.



So, lay off the native
villages if you want to
keep the top of your
head on.



Use a little horse sense.
You can keep from getting
MALARIA if you've got
the stuff to stop a mosquito
from biting you. **USE** it.
And use your brain.

What to do if Ann gets you.

The Medical Corps can help
you recover if you get
plugged, so report yourself
in if you get a headache,
chills, and fever.

DON'T FORGET THIS.

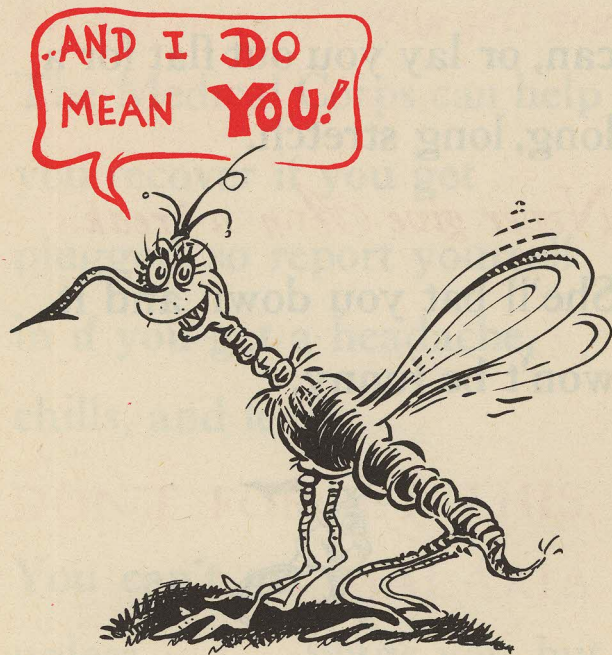
You can't get **MALARIA**
unless *Ann* plugs you, but
if she does, she can make

you just as dead as a shell
can, or lay you out flat for a
long, long stretch.

Never give Ann a break.

She'll bat you down and it
won't be funny.





Courtesy of the David J. Sencer CDC Museum

WAR DEPARTMENT
Washington 25, D. C., August 1943.

This booklet is published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

[A. G. 300.7 (13 Jul 43).]

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

G. C. MARSHALL,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

J. A. ULIO

Major General,

The Adjutant General.

DISTRIBUTION: X.

Stay away from

Ann

Additional copies of this booklet for Navy use may be obtained from the Aviation Training Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.



she's a *dangerous* gal.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1944 — O — 565454

Courtesy of the David J. Sencer CDC Museum